WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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The Passing Show.

Life is short—too short for anything but sincerity.

The greatest work of mankind—the emancipation of millions from undeserved poverty and misery—is yet to be accomplished.

All personal aggrandisement or ambition sinks into insignificance beside the hope of helping forward the great change from industrial slavery to industrial freedom.

The Empire of Hunger is world-wide. Beneath its black flag piracy is murdering the hopes of the young and cursing the declining years of the aged.

The concentration of wealth and power into a few hands is a distinguishing feature of capitalist countries just as it was in the nations which have fallen into oblivion.

Capitalism is compelling the human race to commit economic suicide. Socialism is the only means of salvation.

Capitalism says to the rich exploiters: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Socialism bids men to live in the enjoyment of peace and plenty.

Many liars are employed to misrepresent Socialism, but it prospers in spite of them.

Socialism proposes that no man or set of men shall live off the labour and earnings of another man or set of men. No amount of misrepresentation can alter or hide that proposal.

Socialism is not a panacea for all human ills and frailties, but it is a preventative that will stop an exploiting class from pocketing the wealth that labour produces.

We are told that Socialism is only a dream. Well, we won't quarrel about names so long as we know that 50 millions are having the same dream day and night, and that when it comes true the murderous system of profit-hunting will be ended.

A little learning is a dangerous thing for the workers. More learning is still more dangerous to the shirkers.

"The duties of the modern clergyman are very onerous," says a religious contemporary. Yes; it is hard to keep the trams from running and all the lecture halls closed on Sundays. What with surf-bathing, picnicing, and free speech on Sundays the clergy and the police are kept very busy.

Australia is boosted as a "land of plenty." It is a land of plenty—for labor fakers and exploiters.

The poor believe they cannot get along without the rich. The rich know they cannot get along without the poor. Both strive to keep things as they are.

A green worker delighteth the heart of a fat exploiter, but a thinker is an abomination.

Blessed is he who can distinguish a robber in a plug hat.

The burghers of South Africa are part of the Citizen Army, but how readily did they rush to crush the strikers! Labour papers please note.

The recent Medical Congress suggested some alterations in the method of teaching children. No doubt there is need of alteration, for the children of the workers are taught to work with both hands, while the children of the rich are taught to grab with both hands. The children of the workers should be taught to hold on to all they produce.

When a despairing workman throws a brick at a policeman, that is a riot. When a band of bloodthirsty brigands, of the professional and shopkeeping class, arm themselves with guns and soft-nosed bullets to assassinate strikers, that is restoring law 'n' order.

Under the laws of capitalism there are many punishments, but few rewards.

A champion scaremonger in the person of General Sir Ian Hamilton is on a visit to Australia. He says that Australia is sitting in a ring of armed nations and that some of them "are looking in a formidable manner at Australia." The bogey man is pulling faces at us.

"The profit-sharing system is the most promising road of harmony between Capital and Labour that has yet been surveyed."—"Pall Mall Gazette." But why produce for profit? Why not produce for use and cut out the element of profit?.

In the Assembly at Capetown a motion in favour of the enfranchisement of women was negatived by 43 to 42. The plutes still guard political power very jealously. If only to harrass and defeat them the vote is worth having.

Lead pipe manufacturers of France are collecting bullets from the battlefields in the Balkans for use in their industry. The lead put to this use will be more serviceable to mankind than it was when made into bullets for the workers to fire at each other.

A number of prominent lawyers have formed in a strike at Rome. They are picketing the law courts. No policeman has dared to club one of their number yet. Probably the policeman feels that the baton is only for the common variety of striker.

"Strikes during the past six and a half years resulted in a loss of £1,906,200 in wages to the workers."—"S.M. Herald." And if the workers hadn't struck they would probably have lost twice as much. Eternal fight is the price of existence under the wage system.

A deputation from the Millions Club has urged the N.S.W. Minister for Lands to open the Botanical Gardens at night time. The gardens would make a fine camp for those whom the Club is assisting to strand in Sydney.

Harry Hawker, the Australian aviator, declares that the aeroplanes imported by the Defence Department will be found to be of no practical use for defence purposes. Like the battleship Australia, they are already out-of-date and out-classed. The defence department didn't know, and doesn't yet know, what wily gentry the war trust is composed of.

Teacher: What does political economy mean?

Mike (embryo Tammany politician): Getting the most votes for the least money.—New York "Tribune."

"Sometimes I wonder if the best strike we could organise would not be a strike against bringing little boys and girls into the world until we have made our towns and cities a little better to receive them, our shops and factories more righteous and honest."—Rev. W. R. Harvey.

The Basuto trouble in South Africa is said to have arisen because a white man kicked a Basuto to death. When the Basutos asked for the arrest of the murderer, no notice was taken, but a cry was raised about a 'native peril."

Prof. Beesly estimates that 2½ millions of adult men in the United Kingdom earn less than 25s. a week each. "Blessed are the poor," and "they that mourn," under the British flag.

The "Times Literary Supplement" of January 8, had an excellent article on the prose romances of William Morris. As Galileo said, the world does move.

"The race is not to the swift, but to the good-humoured."— Felix Grendon. That may be, but most of the prizes go to the fat promoters.

"Absolutely the best way to make Socialists is to send Socialists to Parliament—on condition that they use the best platform in Britain solely to advance Socialism."—Alex. Thompson in the "Clarion."

"The workers at present are not united. They neither strike together nor vote together Until they can do one or the other, or both, as required, they will never be emancipated."—Fred Jowett, in the "Clarion."

Justice Hey-don has decided that £2 8s. a week is a living wage in Sydney at the present time. Of course, this doesn't mean that Judges, Barristers, Lawyers, Priests, Parsons, Politicians, and other workers have to work for that amount. It only applies to the ordinary wage-slave.

"Nash's Australasian Joint Stock Companies' Year Book" makes a big point of the fact that Australasian investments return an average of 8½ per cent. This is a huge return for a country which is said to be cursed with strikes. But it is an old trick of the profit-mongers to squeak at the workers while they bleed him.

A Salvation Army home has been burnt at Cincinnatti. Eight of the inmates were burnt to death, and many were seriously injured in the rush to escape by doors and windows. The Army should make more provision against earthly fires and less against those of hades.

Evening classes for policemen are to be established in the English provinces. A good idea. Similar classes should be established in Brisbane at which Cahill should be compelled to attend.

Another good man gone wrong by laying up "treasures on earth." Rev. William Gay, of Ettrick, Blenheim-road, east Barnett, left £34,610.

The situation in Ulster is enough to make even a religious fanatic think. The people from different parts of Ireland can work together, trade together, meet together, talk together, and, in fact, do most things together. The one thing they cannot do is to worship together. The mention of religion disturbs and upsets all other relations, and makes every good-natured Irishman feel for his stick.

The "Daily News" says it costs a man a hundred a year to play golf. Just the wages of two of Britain's producers.

The latest capitalist press idol is Smuts-General Smuts. What an appropriate name for one who has placed an additional Smut upon the dark history of South Africa.

A Sydney estate agent advertises a house and grounds for sale which fronts the east. He must intend the purchaser to pay something for the morning sunshine.

When a worker at forty finds himself out of a job he mostly blames his luck, but that's not the reason, nor the cure.

The contract scandals which have come to light in connection with the British Army, the Italian Navy, the Japanese Navy, and the German Army, should give the most simple laborite occasion to think whether it is for his class or for the patriotic parasites that so-called defence is pushed so vigorously. The armies and navies of the world are simply profit making concerns for the influential people, who manipulate them. In peace or war times they are used to make dividends, and the bribery and corruption they occasion extends to every quarter of the globe.

Lord Weardale was flogged by a suffragette a few days ago in London. The lady was armed with a dog whip, and when she had finished with the nobleman he was so scared and upset that he had to be assisted to his city mansion. It turned out afterwards that Lord Weardale had been flogged by mistake, the lady taking him for Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister. John Bull is usually believed to be a burly sort of party, with the strength of a mammoth, but the walloping of Lord Weardale and the numerous policemen who guard Mr. Asquith, Lloyd George, and other typical Britishers, seem to negative the belief of Bull's masterfulness.

The "International Socialist" in November contained an open letter to Mr. Justice Heydon of the Arbitration Court. It attributed the high cost of living to the great increase in the production of gold. Mr. Huie wrote a criticism of this contention, which was duly published on the 13th December, together with a leading article in reply. Mr. Huie followed the matter up, and for all we know the controversy is still proceeding. It is impossible for us to reprint all these letters. We must content ourselves with giving one of Mr. Huie's letters. It was published on the 10th January, and the result was a very lame reply from the Editor of the "International Socialist."—"The Standard."

The editor of "The Standard" is neither game enough to print our "lame reply" nor honest enough to tell his readers that the Harmsworth expert from whom he quoted was against him. The only lame part of our reply was in refraining from pointing out that it isn't honest to quote an authority, so as to lead your readers to believe that he supports your belief when he doesn't. We hate to have to point this out but it eems necessary in this instance.

The Adventures of William Mug.

He Joins the Navy.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Contributors writing for publication should write in ink, on one side of the paper only, and with a fair space at the sides and between the words and lines. Leave plenty of room for editing.

Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us fined for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

Injustice in the statutes is gunpowder under the capital.—Wendell Phillips.

The Strike Weapon.

Industrial unrest seems to have permanently settled in New South Wales, and we are never without a strike or two or a lock-out.

At present we have the butchers' strike occupying first place in the list of industrial troubles, but the wharf laborers' fight for increased overtime rates, and the iron-workers' strike for more wages, are by no means insignificant battles. In other trades and industries there is trouble, and there is a growing feeling that Arbitration is a failure, and that the old strike method is, after all, the workers' best weapon.

For a time Labor was impressed by the outcry against the "insane" strike, as it used to be called, and Arbitration Courts, Wages Boards, and Awards filled the mind with glowing hopes of industrial peace with honor and "fair wages," but a trial of such methods has led to disillusionment. The cost of living has been going up, but to get wages legally to follow has been next to an impossibility. The courts are dominated by the masters, who fight every inch of the way, and mostly win by keeping the rate of wages from increasing with the rate of profit.

The recent decision of Mr. Justice Heydon, that 48s. is the minimum upon which a family of four can be decently maintained, focuses attention upon the condition of those who do not get anything like that amount and those whose families are over that number. What of the wharf laborers and others whose average wage is round about 25s. a week, and whose family is more often above four than under it? The condition of such workers must be desperate, and when they are told that the shipping combine requires all its profits to build more ships with, they are apt to kick. If 48s will only furnish four people with the necessaries of life, six or eight persons who are compelled to live on that amount must go very short and hungry, and must be desperately situated.

Under present conditions, the strike must be extolled as a healthy revolt against diseased social conditions. In all ages there has been rebellion against unjust conditions, but in our days the revolt is culminating in a unity of workers against capitalism. The petty strikes of the past, in which the workers scabbed upon each other, are giving place to bigger strikes, which in their turn will give way to the one big strike—the social revolution.

On the industrial field the workers are all-powerful. Every strike finds them more united and triumphant than they were, and if political power were in their hands they could even now dominate society. But capitalism is strongly entrenched in every State, and directly it is in danger on the industrial field, it pulls the political wires which set the courts, the police and military in motion.

While labor strikes and skirmishes and solidifies itself industrially, it must not neglect to fight politically. The State is the citadel of capitalism, and it must be carried and captured, not for the purpose of perpetuating itself, or to continue the manufacture of laws for the government of man by man, but to efface it and restore self-government in the workshops and factories of the world.

THE MEAT STRIKE.

The meat strike has served to bring into view many things previously hidden.

Behind the master butchers we now see the employers' ring, which seeks to cut off all supplies of meat, not only from the public, but also from small firms that refuse to join them. Also, it has come to light that at the Homebush Yards, where live stock is supposed to be auctioned, the ring is supreme with its shareholders as auctioneers. With its own men as auctioneers the ring is able to control both the buying and selling of meat, and with this power in its hands it has sought to squeeze its employees, and also the smaller competitors, who have been flanking it for some time past. Behind the strike there is a battle of interests, a war of combines, an attempt of the larger to gobble up or destroy the smaller, an attempt to destroy competition—the great fetich of both press and public.

The public—the great carnivorous and unthinking public—has been hoodwinked by the meat suppliers. The talk in the press of a "meat famine" has had a similar effect to that which follows an outcry during a banking crisis. In a financial panic the public loses its head and rushes the banks to withdraw its money. Now it has lost its head, and with pains in its stomach it is rushing the meat shops demanding meat at any price.

So mad and wolfish have the human carnivora become that the shops have been stormed by a fighting, struggling mass, with money in its hands and frenzy in its eyes, battling for the quivering flesh of animals not yet dead. Fabulous prices have been realised in the few shops that have been allowed to remain open, while only a few streets away the poultry market was glutted by suburban breeders, who sought to take advantage of the "meat famine."

The spectacle of a struggling horde of frantic people being controlled by a body of police was an unpleasant one for those who talk of public opinion, supply and demand, and the will of the majority. No tribe of savages could have developed such a meat hunger as was worked up in Sydney by the press and the meat ring, and it is doubtful if primitive man in his cannibal state ever fought more savagely for his provender than did our civilised residents of Sydney during the meat strike.

FROM THE INTERNATIONAL OF THE "CHRISTIAN" WORKERS.

Under the above heading we shall in future from time to time register gross cases in which the accomplices of the employers and opponents of modern trades union movement under the protecting titles of "Christian" or "National" are involved.

In Karlsruhe, Germany, a committee of such a trades union sent a letter for begging purposes, to employers, in the name of the "National and patriotic organisations of both religious beliefs," in order to obtain financial assistance from them, wherewith to break down the power of the Social Democrats in the Sick Fund.

The letter proceeds: "We presume, sirs, that you attach great importance to a victory of the other workers over the Social Democrats."

After the last unfortunate strike of the French Railwaymen the leaders of the "Catholic Union of Railwaymen" have been making great efforts, apparently with success. According to their statements their organisation already numbers 70,000 members in 478 sections. Each section is presided over by a clergyman appointed by a bishop.

A conference of Catholic trades unionists took place a few months ago in Plymouth (England), at which it was decided to work towards the establishment of an international organisation of Catholic trades unionists. The leader of the Belgian "Christian" trades unions—a Catholic pater—was present. He has often spoken in public meetings in England in support of the idea of "Christian" trades unions, and in the interests of the "movement."

The "Militia of Christ"—a Catholic and very aggressive combination of trades unionists with similar views in the U.S.A., sent a greeting to the English conference, stating that they were prepared to support the establishment of an international organisation of Catholic trades unionists. Many prominent leaders of the American trade unions belong to the "Militia of Christ." It would be interesting to learn how they reconcile the secessionist efforts of the "Militia of Christ" with their trade union principles.

CAPITALISM IN MEXICO.

Our correspondent writes from Mexico to the effect that the trade union and political movement of the workers is almost completely suppressed in consequence of the continuation of the civil war. It is impossible to hold meetings in most of the towns, the few progressive labour papers have been suppressed and agitators shot, arrested or sent out of the country. In spite of all this there are still a number of strikes in the industrial districts, but they are suppressed with a brutality which cannot be worse, even in Russia—they are literally smothered in blood. At the recent elections the workers put forward their candidates, but, as was to be expected, without success. In many places the workers and other opponents of the present regime were forcibly prevented from giving their votes. The unjustifiable baseness with which the Government "managed" the election is to be seen from the following extract from a decree which was sent from the Government to the Governors, and which became public through the usual chance happenings:

1. All Mayors who belong to the revolutionary party are to be removed secretly from their positions.

2. Only trustworthy persons who carry out their instructions without delay may be appointed as election officers.

3. Care must be taken that elections take place in not more than one-third of the primary election districts.

4. Elections do take place, a sufficient number of blank voting papers must be available and used in order that there will be an absolute majority for Gen. Huerta as President, and for Gen. Blanquet as Vice-President.

5. Only such results as correspond with these instructions are to be sent to the Parliament House.

6. Voters of all kinds may enter as many protests as they like, but these are not to alter the result prescribed in paragraph 4.

7. Trustworthy persons are to be appointed to deal with such protests.

It is not difficult to understand that the workers, under such conditions, must travel along a very thorny path before they reach efficiency in their activities in economic and political matters.—"International News Letter."

THE NEW EDITOR OF JUSTICE.

The Board of Directors of the Twentieth Century Press (1912), Limited, at a special meeting at the offices of the Press on January 8, passed unanimously the two resolutions following:-

"That H. W. Lee be invited to assume permanent responsibility as the editor of 'Justice,' it being understood that a notice of three months shall apply on either side for the termination of such appointment."

"The Board also desires to put on record its appreciation of the valuable services rendered by H. W. Lee in conducting the paper from the time when the late editor was compelled to relinquish his active services."

It was also decided that a short statement upon this matter by the Board should be published in the forthcoming issue of "Justice." Particularly it is desired to make clear that this appointment of the new editor has never at any time been in the nature of a "foregone conclusion." It is made by the Board after long and careful consideration, and with a full sense of collective and individual responsibility. Our Party has so many men of ability that various names were discussed as to who should be offered the vacant chair, and various interviews took place. It was, of course, necessary to make immediate provision for the carrying on of the editorship, and the natural course to adopt in that case was to ask Lee to continue for three months, when Quelch had gone from us, that conduct of the journal which he had undertaken during Quelch's last illness. The task of appointing the new editor had been entered upon before this temporary, this three months, appointment was made, and that task was prosecuted during the three months, at special as well as at ordinary meetings of the Board, and by individual members, as opportunity offered. Finally came the meeting on January 8. Before the matter was discussed, Lee retired from the meeting—at which he was officially present as secretary of the Company—and in retiring he spontaneously asked the Board to be perfectly assured that his best services as secretary would, of course, be given, in utmost strength, and with utmost goodwill, should it elect as editor some other among the men considered eligible for the post. He added that he had perfectly understood that his three months' appointment involved no implication that he was likely to be appointed to the post in perpetuity.

While the members of the Board desire this to be perfectly understood, they equally desire to express their conviction that the whole Party is heartily to be congratulated upon being able to hand on the high trust, so long, so loyally and so ably discharged by H. Quelch, to one with the record of our comrade Lee. He would be the first to acknowledge that Quelch had certain powers and qualities which no other man in the Party manifests in quite the same degree. At the same time, our comrade Lee brings to the post some advantages which even Quelch hardly possessed. His thirty years' membership of the Party means very much in this connection. His long-time and successful secretaryship of the old Social-Democratic Federation means much more. Particularly, and in homely phrase, it means that he "can get things done." His knowledge of the personnel of the whole Party is so remarkable, and his acceptableness to branches and individuals in other words, the confidence he has inspired is so marked that, even if our comrade were not the capable writer he has proved himself to be, he might still have been able to make his editorship a very notable success. It is a tradition of journalism that the most successful editor the "Times" ever had was John T. Delane, who himself wrote but little, but surrounded himself with an incomparable staff, and edited their contributions with his own sagacious and, if need were, ruthless pen. Our own case is happier. The new editor would produce an effective and interesting journal if he had to write it all.

The labours of our comrade H. W. Lee for the Press in the trying times of Quelch's last illness and since Quelch's death have astonished even those who had best cause to know of what he was capable. It is in no small degree due to his strenuous co-operation with W. A. Woodroffe, the manager, that the Press is experiencing the most prosperous period it has ever known. The circulation, too, of "Justice," which for a time did to some slight extent reflect the new competition of other Socialist journals, now also reflects his own strong hand. The appearance, the position and prospects of the journal are satisfactory, all circumstances being considered, and of themselves constitute the chief argument for the appointment now notified.

By a happy conjuncture of events this announcement of the new appointment is made in the issue commemorating "Justice's" thirty years' service. We look back with pride upon the faithful and even, we may say, the heroic labour of Harry Quelch, who has gone, and we look forward to like faithful and wholehearted service of H. W. Lee who has come. The best days, the most potent influences and achievements of "Justice" are before it, and not behind it. The opportunity is "as big as we are." The Board venture to say for all readers that we will one and all strengthen the hands of the new editor, will one and all respond to the utmost of our opportunity to whatever demands he does us the honour to make upon us, will even proffer any suggestion which it occurs to us might be helpful, without over sensitiveness in case his view differs from our own, and will in all ways identify ourselves with the new editor in the vigour of his fight and in the victories won.

(Signed) G. MOORE BELL.
FRANK COLEBROOK.
E. C. FAIRCHILD.
F. H. GORLE.
DAN IRVING.
T. KENNEDY.
G. C. SWANSON.

A "SELF-MADE MAN."

As a rule, the biographies of our "self-made men" await the demise of their subjects. In the instance of William C. Nixon, recently elected President of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad, "the 'Frisco," an exception is made. His biography runs ahead of his death; indeed, it is an autobiographic sketch consisting of a series of rapid sketches of leading epochs in the gentleman's life; and the same are being given wide publicity by the therewith enamored "press."

After painting a dark background of hard experience since the ninth year of his age, fortune turned in his favor. We shall let Mr. Nixon tell the story himself:

"My first good luck came when I held this position (Santa Fe-watchman at Albuquerque.) The cashier and two clerks at the Santa Fe station stole several thousand dollars and disappeared, leaving me in charge of the depot. The agent was unable to find anyone who could handle the cashier's job, and he ordered me to take charge temporarily."

Accordingly, this "self-made" man, for once was the creature of "luck"; not the luck that means good only, but the "luck" that means evil also, evil to others. It required the dishonesty of several employees to make an opening for him that gave him good wages and a boosting starter.

There is no "self-made man" whose history is not reducible to the motto: "The misfortune of others was my chance. "Weekly People."

According to a news story sent out from Wooster, Ohio, John D. Rockefeller was aided to increase his fortune and keep the wolf from the door a few days longer through a tip he obtained from a Bible verse in the book of Exodus, which recites how Pharoah's daughter made a basket of bullrushes for the child Moses and daubed it over with pitch. One of John D.'s smart agents reasoned that where there was pitch there was oil. Charles Whitshott, oil expert for the Standard, was sent to investigate and three wells are now in operation in the land where Moses made history as a labor agitator some three thousand years ago. Moral to ambitious Americans: Brush the dust off the family Bible and get busy. "Appeal to Reason."

When you have finished with this paper, pass it on to a friend

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An Open Letter.

To Sir Ian Hamilton.

(By Luke Jones).

Sir, I trust you will pardon the temerity of a mere plebian—a member of the working class—in inditing this epistle to you. I fully realise that in response to the ingrained class superiority which you must have imbibed during your college days as part of the curriculum of the University at which you were educated you will consider that it is either a colossal piece of impudence on the part of a working-man to presume to write a letter of this character to you, or, a fair sample of the ignorance of the lower orders. In either case, I have slight doubt, that you will toss the letter contemptuously aside immediately you have read it, if after seeing the nature of the paper in which it is published you deign to read it at all. But, let me assure you, that no matter what becomes of the letter once it has reached you, a few thousand of the most intelligent working men and women in Australia will read and endorse every sentence that falls from my pen.

You are, I understand, at present in Australia, in the official capacity of Inspector-General of His Majesty's oversea Forces. And it is to the official as well as the civilian, Sir Ian, that I pen these lines. That you bear the title of Sir is a matter of small moment to me, for I have long forgotten the school manufactured flunkeyism that once would have bowed my head in the presence of a "titled gentleman," just as you yourself are compelled by the dictates of a sickening code of social etiquette, to bow and scrape in the presence of your Lord and Master, His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fifth—King, by the Grace of God. No what I am deeply concerned about is, that you have been sent out here by the class to which you belong—the vampire ruling class of Great Britain, to inspect the conscripts of this country and I suppose to report back your opinions of the progress that has been made since the scheme was first launched by the joint agency of a few time-serving politicians, and the military idol of the British Empire, Lord Kitchener, the Butcher of Khartoum. You will furthemore—if the daily press speaks the truth on this matter, and it seldom does on most questions—bring your military knowledge and experience to bear upon some of the vexed questions that have arisen out of the working of the scheme and suggest ways and means of overcoming them. That you are able to give advice upon military matters I would not deny. I am informed that it is possible to gain a little knowledge from even a British military officer on other military subjects than polo, swearing, and divorce cases. Anyhow, I am prepared to concede your ability to render good service as an adviser upon things strictly military, or, in other words, upon the art of modern organised murder.

You will doubtless recognise that the task you have before you is a somewhat peculiar one inasmuch as you have always been called upon to command bodies of men, who, forced in most cases to enlist or starve, were soon absolutely devoid of any vestige of independence of spirit that a callous system of profit-grinding and beggar-my-neighbour may have left in them. Once in the grip of the recruiting sergeant, the human flatsam and jetsam of the slums of "Merrie England" or the sons of rackrented priest-ridden Ireland, soon become professional soldiers for a period of years. Day in, day out they are drilled. Day in, day out, they are instructed how to slaughter other human beings. Day in, day out, morning, noon and night—the brand of Cain is seared into their souls, until, each as a cog in a great machine set in motion by a wave of the hand of some glass-eyed snob on horseback they sink to the lowest depth of human degradation—the hired assassin of a twentieth century buccaneer class.

Now these unfortunates could be bullied and disciplined and brutalised just at the will or caprice of their officers because there was no leaving the Army once enlisted. But such treatment, necessary as it is for the production of a disciplined force, can hardly be meted out to the babies of Australia's army for the very good reasons that firstly: The boys take very badly to *enforced* drill, on account of having been taught to hate militarism and conscription as something alien to a free people. You will be aware anent this, how the Continental nations are despiced because, they unlike "freeborn Britons," are compelled to bear arms. And there is a similar compulsion here. Secondly you will understand that, although the boys are compelled to spend their spare time in drill instead of healthy recreation, they are not drilling *all* the time. Some are working to assist parents to make ends meet. Some are going to school. Some are *in Gaol* because they refuse to train for cold-blooded murder. Some are in other countries because their parents were wealthy enough to send them away until such time as they passed the training age. These latter belong to your class. And all of these have eyes to read and ears to hear and tongues to speak with. And again wherever they go there is the Socialist telling them that "War is Hell"; that they are the fuel for Hell-fire; that the workers have *no* country; that *your* class owns the world; that your class should fight for what it owns; that your class is the only enemy the workers have; that when the real fight comes it will be between your class and my class of all nations and it will be fought not for the glory or gain of parasit s, but for the emancipation of the working-class from wage slavery and the consequent downfall of all that your class is interested in keeping, viz: Kings, Priests, Prostitutes, Lawyers, Slums, Gaols, Palaces, and—Trained Murderers. I can assure you that the people listen to the Socialists in all they say and, what is worthy of note come back for more.

These little difficulties in the way of successfully training the youth of Australia may not appear insurmountable to a person of your social standing, but nevertheless, they are causing some slight inconvenience to your class and I promise that so far as I am concerned— and I can speak for a movement that exists and grows in every land—there will be an increase of inconvenience to your class until it culminates in the end of this rotten system of brutality and robbery.

Whilst you are in Australia, an adoring multitude will grovel before you, almost wherever you go, but do not think from this there are no people who are adverse to your calling. On the contrary it may surprise you to learn that there are some thousands in Australia who loathe and detest the uniform you wear; would shun you like as they would a leper, and warn their children about your trade, because, they look upon human life as the most sacred thing in the universe and all that tends to sustain it as great and noble, therefore standing as you do, the official incarnation of human annihilation, they consider you and the fiendish occupation you follow to be the greatest plague that humanity was ever cursed with. It may be that you look upon their opinions as of as little value, as your class has always looked upon the workers lives; but they are of the opinion that what your class thinks is lessening in its influence upon the workers every day. So when you report back to your masters on the London Stock Exchange, or in the Armament Trust, will you kindly mention the few insignificant things that, I, a Socialist, have drawn your attention to. Will you inform them of the increasing number of prosecutions for non-compliance with the Defence Act; will you tell them that the Act is growing in unpopularity; will you tell them that the Japanese bogie is about to perish because the workers here as elsewhere, do not even own their jobs let alone the country they are asked to defend; will you tell them that Labour is beginning to close up its ranks, that it may carry on the class war to a finish; will you—dare you, for the sake of your own class domination go back and tell them other than the truth about things, and what I have written above *is* the truth.

If you listen to the poltroons around you in all gradations of society, from the Governor-General upwards, you will hear a different tale to the one I have told. You will hear apostles of the Saviour of Mankind calling down the blessing of Almighty God upon your terrible profession; servile politicians orating about the glory of patriotism; sycophantic lawyers and journalists lying about the great moral value of conscription; but in conclusion let me, at least, say, that despite all the lying and make believe of the parasitic host around, the writing is upon the wall; your class has been found out, and it only remains for a few years to pass and then such things as open letters to persons of your profession and caste will have been rendered as unnecessary as the art of scientific slaughter of millions of workers to maintain intact the class domination of to-day, will become when the world is owned by the world's workers. Until the advent of that time, I will do my best to continue.—Yours for human emancipation,

LUKE JONES.

Bobby: Mamma, are men descended from monkeys?

Mamma: Most of them are, my son.

Bobby: And from where are the others descended?

Mamma: From hogs.

Bobby: Which are the hogs, mamma?

Mamma: Those who have most of the wealth of the world and are grasping after more.

Bobby: -And who are the monkeys?

Mamma: Those who vote for the hogs to have it.—"The National Rip Saw."

Priest: And the Lord fed five people with five thousand loaves and five thousand fishes.

Pat: Sure, yer riverence, Oi cud do that.

The Priest (who noticed his mistake), came the following Sunday fully prepared, and said:

"And the Lord fed 5000 people with five loaves and two fishes. Now, Pat, could ye do that?"

Pat: Yes, yer riverence.

Priest: And pray, how would you do it?

Pat: I'd use what was left over from last Sunday, yer riverence.

The Birth Strike.

By William J. Robinson, M.D., New York.
(Reprinted from "The Critic and Guide.")

The evening of August 29, 1913, will remain strongly impressed upon my memory, probably for years to come. I had read in the Berlin "Vorwarts" that on that evening a mass meeting under the auspices of the Social Democratic party would take place, at which the subject of the limitation of offspring would be discussed. Another meeting had taken place the week before, at which several eminent socialist women, among them Rosa Luxemburg and Clara Zetkin, spoke very strongly against the limitation of offspring among the poor. They and others were to speak again, and I decided to be present at that meeting, be the difficulties what they may. I was deeply interested to hear what apparently cultured, freethinking people, and socialists at that, could have to say against limiting the number of children among the working people of Germany. That being a socialist was not always an absolute guarantee against being a fool on some occasions at least I always knew.

We were at the place at 6.40 p.m., but when Mrs. R. saw that even then there was a large crowd covering the stairs, sidewalk, and extending into the street, she told the chauffeur to turn around and take her back to the hotel, and I remained alone among the thousands of German arbeiter and arbeiterinnen, who were standing packed like sardines, patiently waiting for the doors to open. At 7 sharp they opened—it was like the opening of sluices holding back a rapid torrent. It seemed as if in one instant the immense hall, holding over 5000 people, was filled to its capacity. But no, the people kept on pouring in until nearly 8 o'clock, when the police locked the doors to prevent dangerous overcrowding.

The reporters took out sandwiches and cold lunches from their pockets, and so did the men and women in the audience. I was told that they always did that. When they got through with their work it was too late for them to go home, and eat or tidy up a bit, so they had their suppers with them and went directly from the factory to the meeting hall. Waiters soon appeared with trays on which there were tall glasses of a liquid which looked like beer, and for a while the room looked more like a cheap eating place than a meeting hall. The enthusiasm, or rather the interest of the audience was intense; one could see that with them it was not merely a dialectic question—as it was with their leaders but a matter of life and death.

I came to attend a meeting against the limitation of offspring; it soon proved to be a meeting very decidedly for the limitation of offspring. For every speaker who spoke in favour of the artificial prevention of conception or undesired pregnancies was greeted with vociferous, long-lasting applause; while those who tried to persuade the people that a small number of children is no proletarian weapon and would not improve their lot were so hissed that they had difficulty in going on.

The speakers who were against the limitation of offspring idea soon felt that their audience was against them, and then they did the one foolish thing against which speakers should alway guard they began to scold the audience, call them stupid, ignorant, egoistic, mentally lazy, etc., and they began to reproach them over and over again. It did not apparently penetrate the leaders' heads that the limitation of offspring was of personal; vital, present interest to the people. It does occasionally happen that the people are ahead of their leaders. This meeting certainly showed that the German masses see more clearly—perhaps it is because they feel their own misery more deeply—than do some of their eminent would-be leaders.

The principal anti-speaker of this as of the previous meeting was Clara Zetkin. She is a fine, fluent, earnest, perhaps slightly hysterical orator, but real arguments against the limitation of a too numerous progeny among the poor she gave none; and for a very simple reason there aren't any. She spoke with deep contempt of everything bourgeois, but every one of her arguments was strictly reactionary and bourgeois. Yes, the individual family might be benefited by few children; but we must not pay any attention to the individual; what concerns us is the class. The proletariat cannot improve its condition by having few children; it can only improve it by the class struggle, by revolution. And for a successful revolution we must have many children, the more children we have the more fighters. In revolutions it is not quality that is important, but quantity, etc. The good lady overlooked here a very important thing. It is not at all certain that every child born to a proletarian family becomes a fighter for the proletarian and for freedom. The chances are more than even—especially if he belongs to a family with many hungry mouths—that he may become a member of the slum or bum proletariat, a class which has always furnished hirelings to the ruling classes, strikebreakers, thugs, etc.

What particularly amused me—and pained me—in the anti-limitationists was the ease and equanimity with which they advised the poor woman to keep on bearing children. The woman herself was not taken into consideration, as if she was not a human being, but a machine. What are her sufferings, her labor pains, her sleepless nights, her inability to read, to attend meetings, to have a taste of life? What does she amount to? The proletariat needs fighters; go on, females, and breed like animals. Maybe of the thousands you will bear, a few will become party members. In what respect are such lovers of the people superior to the old tyrants and blood spillers, who bade the people breed because they needed soldiers for their armies? Those who are comfortable and well-off, and those who have few or no children must have limitless cheek to advise the poor devils to breed like rabbits.

One plain workman elicited a great deal of applause with his blunt, brief remarks: "They frighten us with threat that if we do not have many children we will go to the devil, cease to exist. I wish I had ceased to exist long ago, or had never been born," was the cry of this plain worker, which one felt came from the depths of his heart.

Two points the speakers emphasised repeatedly: that not only absolutely but proportionately the largest number of prostitutes comes from the large families (as well as strikebreakers) and that the women who are the mothers of many children can but rarely and with greatest difficulty be gotten to interest themselves in the "cause," or even in ordinary culture or literature. They have neither the time nor the inclination.

When the meeting was over at 11.30, the matter seemed to stand as follows: Whether the limitation of offspring is to be considered a revolutionary weapon against militarism and capitalism is questionable, but that it is a wonderful measure in improving the condition of individual families, in guarding the health of the woman, and in generally strengthening the working class in their political and economic battles, about this there could be no question. And the feeling was that though Clara Zetkins and Rosa Luxumburgs and all other literal and figurative old maids could talk and scold until doomsday, the diminishing birth rate will go on diminishing still further, until such time when the people will feel that by bringing a child into the world they are increasing the sum total of human misery, ill health and wretchedness. Give the people assurance that their children will be brought up decently, will receive a proper education, will be assured of a congenial occupation, or of employment at any rate, and the women will be glad to bear children. The maternal instinct will not die out. Take away the spectres of crime, disease and poverty, and the spectre of race suicide will vanish also.

COST OF LIVING—PRICES HELD UP.

Q. Can you give me several instances of wilful destruction of property, that is, food-stuffs, by the capitalist class, in order to maintain high prices, or cause a stringency in the market?

A. On June 10, 1913, there were shipped into Chicago several carloads of potatoes. The market was already supplied and the dealers were desirous of keeping up the prices to 20 cents. The potatoes just shipped were supposed to be wholesaled for 20 cents a bushel. Rather than have the prices disturbed, these many carloads of potatoes were dumped onto the tracks a few miles south of Chicago. Chicago citizens continued to pay 20 cents.—"Chicago Tribune."

It is claimed that there are now 1,000,000,000 eggs in storage—and prices are still soaring.—Charles Edward Russell, in Pearson's Magazine, October, 1913.

On August 6, 1913, despite the fact that there were 65,000,000 pounds of butter in cold storage, the wholesale price was boosted ½ cent a pound, with a resulting retail advance of 1 cent a pound.

The holdings of butter in cold storage on August 1 of last year were 10,346,000 more than the year before.

The "scarcity of butter" cry raised because of the withdrawal of many pounds of butter into cold storage, was responsible for continued increase in the price during the month of August.—"Chicago Tribune."

MR. DOOLEY ON MEXICO.

"What's th' throuble in Mexico?" asks Mr. Dooley in the "London Budget." "Well, it's a difference of opinyon in th' Wilson fam'ly about th' kind iv people they ought to assocyate with.

"Doc Wilson has become partiklar about his friends since he got to be prisidint. He said he'd be somethin'—or other—if he'd reco'nize a prisidint that got his certyficate iv office fr'm th' coroner. If he wanted to hook up with that school iv statemanship he'd ask Gyp th' Blood to come down to Washin'ton an' visit with him. This here spoort iv killin' prisidints has gone far enough,' he says, 'I don't sympathise with it in th' laste. It is a bad precidint, an' I'll do nawthin' in anny way to establish it,' he says.

"Mexico, I larn, is a considherable sthrip iv mountain an' homicide, or pollyticks, extendin' fr'm our southern bordhers in th' gin'ral shape iv a broken leg. It is bounded on th' north be th' Rio Grande river, which is navagable be predesthreens f'r thousans iv miles fr'm its soorce, an' be th' wishes iv th' people iv Texas, an' on th' south be more throuble f'r us fr'm th' Monroe docthrine. Its soil projooces an abundance iv rocks iv all sises, an' its climate is iv a sandy complexion. Its inhabitants range in color fr'm dark to darker, an' manny iv thim ar're iv Indyan exthraction, but th' Indyan has not been completely exthracted fr'm all iv thim."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page12367040

The Wage Slave.

By chains of poverty my life it bound,
And superstitious mists obscure my brain.
The curse of toil, the never-ending strain,
Oppresses me and weighs me to the ground.

Made in a mould divine, yet I was found
Amid the filthy garbage of a drain;
The offspring of the outcast and profane,
Doomed to the level of a soulless hound.

A vagabond! sufficient for my kind,
The beggar's meal doled out from day to day,
With drops of hollow faith to ease my mind.
Bear I my cross until this mortal clay
Shall totter to its grave, where you will find
My soul, Wher Satan holds eternal sway.

—Dietzgen.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.
General Secretary: J. W. ROCHE,
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.
LUKE JONES, Act. Gen Sec.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

The meeting advertised for Feb. 21st had to be postponed owing to the general secretary being called away upon urgent party business.

Delegates are requested to be present on Saturday, Feb. 28, as the matter to be reported upon and dealt with is pressing. Unity conference business and the position of the paper will also be on the agenda, so a full meeting is requested.

The Unity Conference will be held in Queen's Hall on Wednesday, March 5. If you desire to see a strong united party you should make it a point to be present, as the conference is open to all party members. Delegates from the A.S.P. and S.L.P. will discuss the questions before the meeting, so that all present will have a chance of hearing the various aspects of Unity.

LUKE JONES, Act. Gen. Sec..

SYDNEY BRANCH.

The branch held its usual week-end meetings. Com. Kilburn spoke at the Domain meeting for a considerable time, his address being well delivered in his usual masterly style, free from the trash and blackguardism that passes at some meetings for oratory. Our speakers' aim to educate, not to amuse, that is the function of fools, and the greater the fool the greater his following—to educate in economics, industrial history, and socialogy, etc. That these subjects are understood scientifically only by socialists is a trite statement. Whilst the Socialist Party specialises in these subjects, other organisations specialise in buffoonery. This is a natural subdivision of function; and one cannot expect otherwise any more than you would look for fragrant perfume from a dung-heap. No, one educated class-conscious worker is worth more to the revolutionary movement than a ship-load of cheap-jacks or walking gramaphones. Let us give thanks to the gods, then, that our movement is clear and definite enough to exclude what others jump at.

Com. Slade and others addressed the evening meetings to good effect. We still require paper sellers.

The next branch business meeting will be held in Queen's Hall on Tuesday, March 10. You are asked to attend, as very important business will be transacted. A number of members are still in arrears with contributions, so I would remind them of the rule that three months' arrears makes them unfinancial and four months bring exclusion.

Turn up at the next meeting and give a little time to the party affairs and then—the revolution.

LUKE JONES, Sec.

BRISBANE.

Last Sunday's scrape took place without any loss on our part. Not even a bruise had we to show as a result our encounter with Queensland's heavyweight bludgeoner. The other side had to plead guilty to a knock-out blow which caught him right in his dignity. A few days ago the keeper of the Public conscience had boldly asserted that the Socialists would not be allowed talk on any street in the city. This statement was published in the Press. Sunday night came round and the group of Johns stationed near Edward-street were dumbfounded to see Comrade Besant come marching along with a cossack hat on his head, his coat over his arm, and on his back a placard on which were inscribed these words "Dumb, by the order of King Kahill." A great crowd followed the Dumb one. On an allotment a few yards from Queen-street, Com. Oliver Gordon was waiting. As the crowd gathered Gordon commenced speaking, and for three-quarters of an hour he addressed the assembled people. Our Comrade was in fine form, and gave out the right dope straight from the shoulder. He was not arrested, although it would not have occasioned surprise had he been so, for the police here, in Brisbane, scarcely recognise any law except that made by the imperious Cahill. Perhaps the owners of the allotment were not favorable to any interference and so we held our meeting in peace. After Com. Gordon had finished we adjourned to our usual Sunday night rendezvous—a vacant allotment a few yards from our hall. Comrades Taylor and Reed were the speakers, and an instructive evening was spent in their company. Quite a number of police were in evidence. It is rumoured that a Socialist Propaganda Club is in the process of formation within the police ranks. A debating class is to be part of the club's activities. Subject for inaugural pow-pow, "Can a policeman speak the truth and keep his job?" Acting-Sergeant Kollis says that the first part of the question should be discussed alone, as that would provide ample debate for the baton weilding orators. On February 28th, we hope to hold a joint demonstration in Albert Square. We have issued invitations to Trade Unionists, Labor Representatives, and to many leaders of advanced thought. We hope to submit a resolution dealing with Free Speech and another relating to Thompson's case. Com. Perry has gone on hunger-strike. He has not eaten since his incarceration.

Yours for Freedom,
GORDON BROWN,
Sec. Bris. Bch. A.S.P.

BY TELEGRAPH.

South Brisbane,
Monday.—Two boys performed horseback stunt. Besant gets seven days, other man escapes.

RECEIVED FOR FREE SPEECH FUND

Previously acknowledged	£65	14	3½
Feb. 12, W. Jackson	1	0	0
,, 13, Collection	0	6	0
,, 14, Collection	0	6	7½
,, 15, Collection	0	6	1
,, 15, Wood	0	2	6
	£67	15	6

MELBOURNE BRANCH, A.S.P.

On Sunday afternoon there was an excellent attendance at the Yarra Bank meeting, despite a counter demonstration organised by the Bogus Labour Party, and at which representatives of the fake Socialist party spoke. The speechers at our meeting were Comrades Healey, Jeffrey, and Wilson, all of whom, laid bare the treachery of the said Labour Party, and all of whom, received an attentive hearing. Whilst the meeting was in progress, Comrades Miss Hulbert, C. Hulbert, and Mrs. Nicholson, made an onslaught with the collection boxes, and secured quite the largest collection taken up for some months. The literature sold, amounted to a fair sum, although disposed of, in secret.

In the evening, Mr. Brown of the Rationalist Party, lectured under our auspices, when his subject was "Does Progress depend upon Supernatural or natural causes?"

The lecturer was well received, given a good hearing, and ably acquitted himself. At the close a number of questions were asked and answered.

The Sunday School boasted a slight increase in attendance over the previous Sunday, but nevertheless, more scholars are wanted, and will be welcomed by Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Jobson, who have charge of this important branch of our activities.

Party dances run for revenue raising purposes still continue to boast a good attendance, and Comrade Dierks who has charge of same is to be heartily commended for the way in which he has attended to organising of same.

When the executive committee of our branch met on Tuesday evening to transact branch business, one matter lengthily discussed was, the jailing of Socialist speakers in Brisbane.

After some discussion it was resolved that the following resolution in connection with same be sent to Queensland State Parliament, viz.: "That this branch of Melbourne Socialists protests against the action of the chief commissioner of Brisbane Police in jailing Socialist speakers, who, are only claiming the same liberty of assembly and freedom of speech as is allowed the Salvation Army and other religious bodies—and calls upon the State Parliament to take such steps, as is necessary, in order to put a stop to such injustice and tyranny, which is a blot on true Democracy."

Members are again reminded as to their monthly subscription, the prompt payment of which, means cash in hand, with which to help meet current expenses.

J. R. WILSON,
Secretary.

Every new subscriber you get for "The International Socialist" is a blow struck at Capitalism.

LOOKING ACROSS THIRTY YEARS.

Reprinted from "Justice."

It scarcely seems all those years ago since we first went into the newspaper shops and requested that they should obtain "Justice" for us every week. We were bold, then with all the audacity of new ideas and fresh-made resolves. We almost welcomed the difficulties and mishaps that befel the first volume, because they gave us the chance to prove our loyalty, courage, and quick wit; and all through the trials and strain of thirty years, tenacity of purpose still remains with most of the comrades now living who assisted in the start of "Justice." They remain true to the principles of Social-Democracy, though all outward circumstances have altered.

It is seldom that one has time to go over old stories, but I do remember how keen I used to be over every detail.

It is that we feel most enthusiasm when we devote ourselves to a clause, but it is also true first devote ourselves to a cause, but it is also true that the young enthusiast becomes so attached to the particular people and "society" they first become acquainted with that any alteration feels like calamitous desecration.

I remember the first year I painted notices for the "Democratic-Federation." There were many discussions on the advisability of adding the prefix "Social" to the name; and although I knew that the "socialisation of the means of living and democratic control" were the joint principles I meant to live for, yet I felt full of misgiving when the old name was altered. I felt then that it would never be quite the same as the old one to me.

Since then many changes have happened; but after the first few shocks I gained more confidence, and learnt that external changes were not of such very great importance, but that in order to live changes become necessary, sometimes because of our very development, and sometimes because the existing circumstances round us are altering.

The steadying power of conviction is within us, and we remain essentially the same in character and principle, no matter what changes in name or method of organisation occur. I do not believe in making unnecessary changes, but I never dread them now, because I know that I remain the same whatever work I am doing. Thirty years has taught me that every man and woman who works for Socialism from conviction may be depended upon to do effective work under any circumstances.

It is this calm confidence in ourselves and our principles that give us freedom and courage to face new circumstances and developments, and to undertake new methods of work fearlessly when their initiation is necessary, while we have behind us all the experience gained by thirty years of comradeship.

Let our principles guide us, and the future is assured

MARGARETTA HICKS.

DODGING.

The manager of a fairly large joinery establishment had the rather curious name of Dodging. Trade being brisk he engaged some extra workmen. One of them was rather fond of his pipe, ahd after working for two hours he thought he would slip into some quiet corner and have a smoke. He was busy lighting up when round the corner came the manager.

"What are you doing here?" said the manager.

"Who are you?" demanded the workman.

"I am Dodging, the manager," was the reply.

"So am I," said the workman, "come in and have a smoke."

DANGEROUS.

In cope-shooting, the English idler frequently finds exercise and recreation. Since King George shot one of his pals in the face, it has been recognised as being quite as desirable to know where he is as to ascertain the whereabouts of the game, when he and his courtiers are out shooting.

"Who is that on my left?" inquired a noble sportsman of a gamekeeper one day when a shooting season was at its height.

"That must be the King," said the gamekeeper after a moments reflection.

"Go and tell him where I am," said the noble, whose former experiences told him that extreme caution was highly desirable.

"I'd rather not," said the keeper. "The King always lets fly when 'e sees anythin' move."

NOT STRONG ENOUGH.

Under capitalism relieving each others' sufferings is made a business and a source of profit, and many good stories are told of doctors and their clients. The following is one such:

Patient: "Well, how am I to-day, doctor?"

Doctor: "You are doing very well; very well endeed. You many sit up for a while to-day."

P.: "Thank you, doctor! That is good news. By the way, may I inquire what your bill is?"

Dr.: "Presently, presently! You are not so strong yet as you think."

International Socialist Club.

The next General Meeting of Club members will be held on Sunday, March 8, at 11 a.m. sharp. All members please attend.

O. BLANC, Sec.

International Socialist Club,

274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Open daily for Members and Visitors from other parts, from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

Membership Fee: 5s. per Quarter.

Best Socialist Library in the State.

O. BLANC, Secretary.

PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND.

Already acknowledged, £81 18s. 4d. Showers, 2s. 6d.; Club Social 5s. 3d. and 5s. 10d. Total, £82 11s. 11d.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

BOOKS IN CLOTH BINDING.

Title.	Price. s.	d.
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. I, C. Osborne Ward	8	0
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. II, C. Osborne Ward	8	0
Capital, Vol. I, Karl Marx	8	0
Capital, Vol. II, Karl Marx	8	0
Capital, Vol. III, Karl Marx	8	0
Ancient Society, Lewis H. Morgan	6	0
Woman and Socialism, August Bebel	6	0
Critique of Political Economy, Karl Marx	4	0
Debs (Eugene V.), His Life, Writings, Speeches	4	0
Economic Determinism, Lida Parce	4	0
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History, Antonio Labriola	4	0
Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of Karl Kautsky	4	0
Introduction to Sociology, Arthur M. Lewis	4	0
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism, Engels	4	0
Looking Forward, Philip Rappaport	4	0
Love's Coming-of-Age, Edward Carpenter	4	0
Marxian Economics, Ernest Untermann	4	0
Philosophical Essays, Joseph Dietzgen	4	0
Positive Outcome of Philosophy, Joseph Dietzgen	4	0
Physical Basis of Mind and Morals, M. H. Fitch	4	0
Positive School of Criminology, Enrico		
Poverty of Philosophy, The, Karl Marx	4	0
Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail	4	0
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